

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

Bitter Sweet

ONE DOLLAR

VOL. SIX, NO. SEVEN
JULY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE



**BOWDOIN
ART
MUSEUM:**

**"The Bathers"
by
Winslow
Homer**



**George Robley Howe •
Norway's Naturalist**

— • —

The Queen of Naples

— • —

Maine's Indian Ballplayer

JULY RACING SCHEDULE

REGULAR RACES

7:30 PM

JULY 2 — 3 — 9 (7:00 PM) — 16 — 23 — 30



Rain dates - Sunday night at 7 PM

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JULY 3

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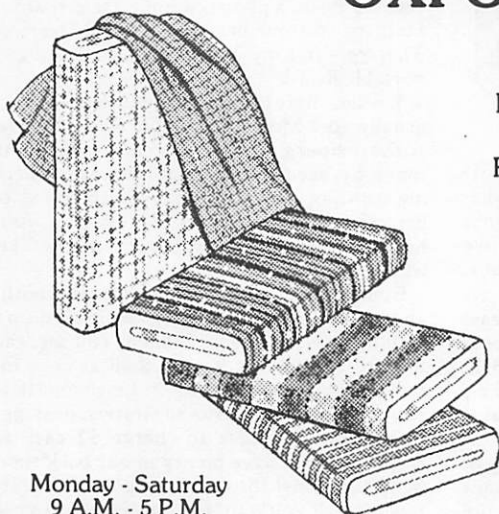
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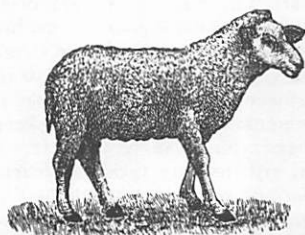


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Bitter Sweet Views

CONFUSED? READ THIS!

When changes occur, there's always an attendant confusion, as letters from a few befuddled readers have recently indicated. Since our aim at BitterSweet is to inform you, we shall try to answer some of your questions. Here goes:

BitterSweet is definitely continuing, at least through 1983, and subscriptions are being taken through December (\$6 in July, \$5 in August). The publishers have offered their magazine for sale. We, of course, hope that it will continue and grow big and strong.

Your continued subscriptions to and gifts of BitterSweet to friends are the *most* important components of that growth. Do keep that up! We need you. Also, your letters of praise and/or criticism are taken to heart here. To answer one recurring question—YES, BitterSweet will continue to be sold on many news stands around Western Maine. But the distribution is largely handled by people other than BitterSweet. To be sure that you receive each issue, subscription is the best idea.

To clear up another confusion—our office is (temporarily) located at 15 Main St., Market Square, South Paris, but our mailing address continues to be P.O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268. You should know that this is really a very, very small publication and operates much better by mail than in person. Someday, we hope to have a real editorial office, with a secre-

tary and an electric typewriter, *an' everything*; but for now what we have is one editor, a converted shed for a workroom, an antique roll-top desk, a phone, a huge table that was built for costume design at the old Deertrees Theatre—and my grandfather's cranky 1936 portable Royal!

The best time to find someone in the office is usually 10-3 Mon.-Fri. But I'm often out even at those hours, doing research, scouting photography, seeing people, collecting ads, checking printing. Anyway, either keep trying or, better yet, put it in a letter. If it's urgent, you'll hear from me right away. If not, it might take a while.

Subscriptions are always handled within about four weeks, but can *not* be backed up to include an issue already mailed. You see, each month BitterSweet is mailed all at once in a bulk mailing from Hood's in Lewiston. If we have to send a back issue separately, postage is quite high. We have to charge \$2 each for those—but we have plenty in our back room. Send for some! (BitterSweet is an invaluable resource.) If you want to know what's in a back issue, look for our index, due out in August. It's a comprehensive index of the past five years.

About submissions of material: we're always glad to read new writing. However, when you consider that I could (and often do) receive, in one day, a whole month's worth of articles, you can see that a bottleneck occurs.

I read everything and you will eventually hear from me with acceptance or rejection (and the reason why). Self-addressed stamped envelopes should be included if you want it back. However, time of printing is an "iffy" thing, depending upon the season, the geographical balance, and the number of pages (determined by the number of advertisers each month). There's enough good material in my files right now for *at least* another year of BitterSweet.



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Cross Roads



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Last, but certainly not least, if you like BitterSweet, tell our advertisers, too. Tell them you keep BitterSweet and like to see their ads. Or tell them if you refer to their ads or if you shop there because they are using our pages to give themselves visibility in a competitive area. They, and we, appreciate it.

Our aim is to please, even though we know that can't always be done. I like to think we're still a rather old-fashioned kind of publication, with a 19th century grace and timing, but a 20th century outlook as well. I hope you can understand better how we function... and will continue to like us.

Nancy Marcotte

GOINGS ON

Summer Fairs

July 13: *Annual Craft Sale*, sponsored by the Women's Fellowship, Second Congregational Church, Norway. Crafts, Food Sale 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. on the church grounds. Luncheon served from 11 on.

August 6: *Paris Hill Founders Day* sponsored by Hamlin Memorial Library. Featuring antique & classic car collection,

PERENNIAL POINT OF VIEW

M'Lou & Peter Terry

Who bends a knee where violets grow
A hundred secret things shall know
—Rachel Field

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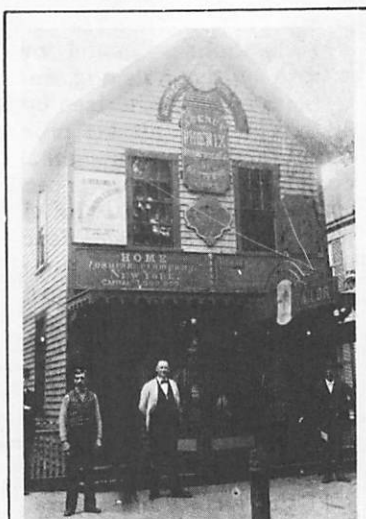
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crafts, antiques, flea market. 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. on the green. (Rain date Aug. 7)

August 6: Christ Episcopal Church Annual Fair, Norway, 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Crafts, a tag sale, refreshments, badge-making, entertainment for all ages, in the Rectory yard, Green St. (off Paris St.)

August 20: Lovell Village Art & Artisans Fair, 11-4 on the Library lawn. (See next month's BitterSweet for a feature article on this event.)

Gallery Shows

Western Maine Art Group Schedule, Matolcsy Center, Norway. **July 5-16** Skip Churchill Photographs. **July 19-30** 22nd Annual Members Show. **July 23** Oxford Hills Sidewalk Art Show on Norway's Main Street. Sponsored by WOXO with the WMAG. (Rain date July 30) **Aug. 2-20** The Walker Collection—paintings of the past. **Aug. 23-Sept. 3** Paintings by Solange Lambert. Gallery hrs: Tues.-Sat. 10-3.

Bates College Treat Gallery: **July 6-Aug. 24** Permanent collection, including Marsden Hartley & Mary Cassatt. Gallery hrs: Tues.-Sun. 1-4 p.m. Free.

Bowdoin College: Peary-MacMillan Arctic Museum featuring memorabilia of two famous explorers and Bowdoin grads. **Aug. 5-7** Maine Festival, major arts showcase for Maine artists, craftsmen, dancers, actors, singers, filmmakers, designers, architects, poets & folk artists. On the Bowdoin campus.

Jones Gallery of Glass & Ceramics, Sebago: Celebrating its 5th birthday with a collection of Pre-Hispanic Peruvian Ceramics. Other displays: **July 23** Lecture on American Blown Glass by Lowell Innes, lecture & lunch \$15. Begins at 11 a.m. **Aug. 13** Lecture on German Enamelled Glass by Dorothy-Lee Jones. Special pieces loaned by Corning Museum of Glass, N.Y. Lecture & lunch \$15. For reservations, call (207) 787-3370. Mailing address: E. Baldwin, ME 04024. Gen. admission \$2.00, Srs. & Students \$1.50, Children under 12 free. Rte. 114 to E. Sebago, then Douglas Hill road.

Farnsworth Museum: summer exhibition of Monhegan Island artists since the late 19th century. Rockland.

University of Maine at Augusta: Exhibits throughout August include Photographs by Constance Simon, Washburn, Me.; Outdoor sculpture by Sasson Soffer. Call 622-7131.

Music & Theatre

Brunswick Summer Music Theatre: **July 12-31** Annie, **Aug. 2-14** Sweet Charity, **Aug. 16-28** Something's Afoot. 25th Anniversary Season.

Ogunquit Playhouse: **July 11-16** Clara's Play with Jean Stapleton, **July 18-23** 84 Charing Cross Road with Shelley Winters, **Aug. 25-30** Mass Appeal with Richard Kiley. Mon.-Sat. 8:40. Matinees Weds. & Fri. 2:45. Call (207) 646-5511.

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NORWAY'S NATURALIST:

George Robley Howe

1861 - 1950

His knowledge was vast and his interest both in the mysteries of nature and in the people who yearned to share them never failed in 89 years of life. He was naturalist George Robley Howe, considered by many the greatest asset Norway ever had.

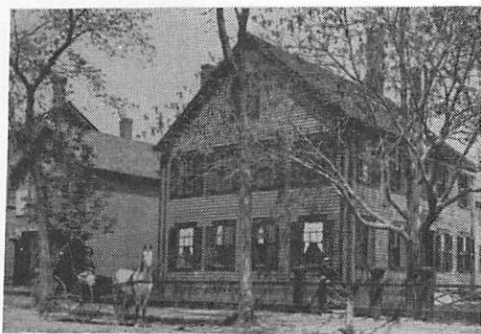
He was born in 1861 in Sumner, but his family moved him at a very young age. He once recalled that, as a small boy of four, he sat with his mother at the windows of his home on Main Street, Norway (now the site of the Western Auto store), and watched the Civil War soldiers come marching home.

His father, Freeland Howe, was Norway's first general insurance agent, operating out of the office next door to his home (today the Norway Water District Office). Later on, the elder Howe sold his company to Goodwin's Insurance Agency. George's brother, also named Freeland, ran a music store in Norway for many years, and later cut gems at Poland Spring.

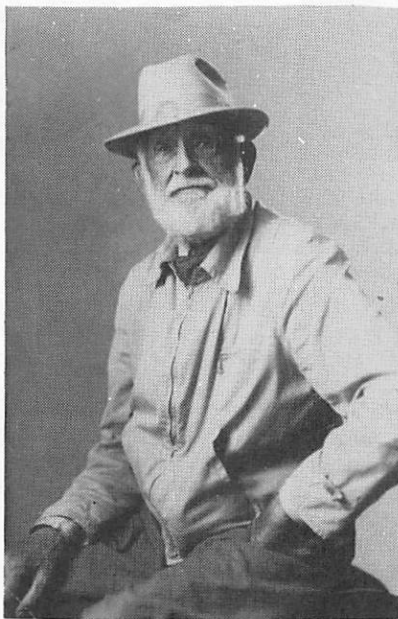
By the 1890's, George was home, wandering the hills and valleys of Maine, collecting specimens of flora, fauna, and minerals. At first he was considered "queer," an odd character with a bag on his back, tramping the woods. No one knew the value of what he was discovering.

In the fall of 1893, while exploring on

*A postcard view of the
Howe home on Main Street*



by Nancy Marcotte



V. Akers portrait

Pleasant Mountain in Denmark, Howe stumbled over a vein of amethyst on the property of an elderly Mr. Warren. It was royal amethyst—a rare type with a rich burgundy cast. Though old man Warren had given him permission to dig on the mountain (reportedly saying, "Hell, boy, you can take *all* the rocks off the mountain if you want!"), Howe was afraid that permission would be withdrawn if neglected until spring, and the ground was then beginning to freeze. So George spent the winter studying at a hotel in Denmark. Early in the spring he began taking his horse team to the base of the mountain with enough hay for the day, while he started carrying down the mineral specimens, a few at a time. In addition to



A "costume" picnic in the last century. Back row (l. to r.) George W. Holmes, Mrs. Holmes, Nellie Horne (Mrs. Geo.), Dr. B.F. Bradbury, Wealthy Noyes Horne (Mrs. John), Seward P. Stearns. Middle row (l. to r.) Gen. George L. Beal, Mrs. George P. Jones and Dr. Jones, Mabel Jones Bradbury (Mrs. B.F.), Mrs. A. J. Rowe. Front row: Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Della M. Noyes, George R. Howe. (Quite a proliferation of Georges!) Photo courtesy Norway Library.

the royal amethyst, he found purple amethyst, smoky quartz, and white quartz crystals imbedded in the clay (kaylin) of the mountain.

Almost all the crystals were out by May of 1894, when George was called home by his father to help settle the deluge of insurance claims resulting from the disastrous Norway fire (see BitterSweet, May, 1983). Sometime after that, old Warren died, and his son apparently stopped George Howe's digging on Pleasant Mountain.

It didn't matter, though. George Howe sold the royal amethyst crystal to a gem dealer for somewhere between six and seven hundred dollars. Years later, another collector, Dr. Fredericks of Augusta, researched the trail of that amethyst for his friend George. Tiffany's had bought the crystal from the dealer, and sold it to financier J.P. Morgan. Morgan then sold it to Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm, and it was in the Kaiser's Potsdam Museum that Dr. Fredericks saw the royal amethyst—labelled "Denmark, Maine . . . Value \$10,000"!

Jane Perham in her book, *Maine's Treasure Chest*, remembers George Howe's love of cut gemstones and jewelry. "One superb amethyst gemstone, which is thought to have been cut by Knox Bick-

ford," she wrote, "was combined with twelve lovely fresh-water pearls he found and made into a magnificent brooch of Oxford County gold."

In fact, it was a present for his widowed mother on the occasion of her 50th wedding anniversary—and George Howe had himself mined the amethyst, panned for the gold on the east branch of the Swift River, and plucked the pearls from Nezinscot, Crooked, and Cold River mussels. He was proud of his all-Oxford County brooch, but because it had no safety clasp it had to be kept in a safe-deposit box at Norway National Bank.

The jewel passed after Mrs. Howe's death to her good friend, Effie Akers, the mother of artist/photographer V. Akers (see BitterSweet, Feb., 1978); then to her daughter, Ruth Akers Woodman. Heman Woodman, Ruth's widowed husband, writes us from Tucson, Arizona, that the brooch has apparently been lost over the years.

George Howe built himself a tiled-roof bungalow ("Summit Study") atop Pike's Hill sometime around 1915, and there thousands of visitors came to see him every year. He had an extensive library; a collection of mounted animals, including an albino chipmunk and a flying squirrel; a huge Webster's Dictionary, which he

read all the way through five or six times; and Maine gems enough to provoke at least one robbery ("By a New Jersey fellow," Roland DeCoteau remembers). His plate glass windows provided him a 180° panorama of hills and mountains, including the Presidential Range.

College presidents, museum curators, professors came to see George Howe. Calvin Coolidge was on his way once, during a proposed visit at Shepard's Camps, but he never made it. Scientists from Harvard and other universities picked his brain. But the visitors that George Howe loved best were the children.

Great-nephew Robley Howe Morrison of Topsham recalls how it was in the mid-1920's: "I remember tramping up the back side of Pike's Hill from our home at Frost Corner . . . I would be welcomed by a shouted 'Come in!' following my knock, and I would find him stoking up the wood fire in the small Kineo range in the kitchen where he slept, ate, and entertained. Without pausing except to say, 'Wal, good morning, Junior! Mite cold but we'll be cozy here!' while he munched on a piece of bread buried deep under peanut butter, we would spend the next two hours in continuous conversation about the family, his recent visitors, school, a draft of something he was currently getting ready to send out for publication (he hoped) . . .

"About his greeting. In many respects, he now reminds me, as I looked at him, of 'Jonathan-Lo with a mouth like an 'O' and a wheelbarrow full of surprises' from A.A. Milne. His eyes wide open, the 'O' was followed by a wonderful smile and a grab at the shoulder to pull you in. Who noticed the absence of most of his teeth, his whiskery appearance, and a jacket that might be termed as being on the ripe side?

"Uncle George gave his undivided attention to you if the two of you were alone and you did not depart without a feeling of having enjoyed being with him. Small groups got the same attention and, spotting a questioner, he would carefully bring out the question, making everyone happy. Large groups did not suffer. His flow of words, soft voice, and clear articulation provided listeners a powerful urge to listen carefully and thoughtfully. He remembered faces, personalities, facts about their lives, their families, experiences shared, etc. He loved everyone, with a

I Remember . . . by Richard Box

The late George R. Howe ("Uncle George" to most of us) could have written "Silent Spring" back in the mid-twenties if the world had been ready for it then. I remember the situation very well. A few years before, he had set out several young fruit trees and they were just starting to bear. Unfortunately, the fruit was badly spoiled by insects and diseases but he refused to protect it by the use of common sprays and other insecticides.

Uncle George refused to do this because it would upset the balance of nature. He believed that if he left the situation alone, the birds, other insects, etc. that were the natural enemies of the ones attacking the fruit, would feast upon the spoiled fruit and multiply more rapidly until they brought the problem

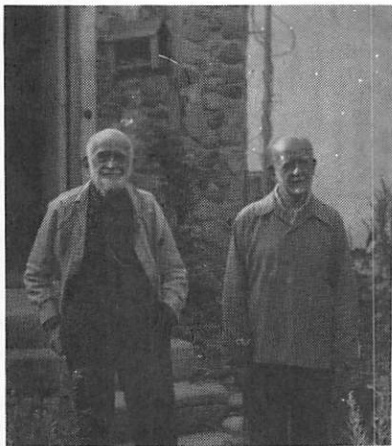


Summit Study

under control. He pointed out that the more insecticides we used, the less food those natural enemies would have, thus becoming less and less able to control the situation and this would require still more insecticides, and on and on.

He also predicted that the continuing use of poisons would finally saturate the soil and the excess would run off into the sea. That sounded pretty far-fetched at the time. Many of the insecticides in use then were not considered poisonous, and those that were were being used sparingly. The idea that enough poison would ever be used to leave a trail all the way from the top of Pike's Hill to the mouth of the Androscoggin River sounded absurd. Of course that was long before the newer, super-poisonous insecticides were developed.

Another thing I remember was how Uncle George planned for his own future when he was in his eighties. He was still hale and hearty, living alone without most of our "modern inconveniences" as he so often called them. Realizing that he might not always be able to continue living alone, he considered all the alternatives very carefully and decided that moving in with the Herbert Bradbury family would be his first choice. He had known the family for many years and liked them very much. Mrs. Bradbury (Nora) was a good practical nurse and a fabulous cook. Uncle George thought he would be contented there, so when the time did come, he quietly moved part-way down the hill to the Bradbury home and spent the remainder of his life there.



George and Freeland Howe, about 1946

I do not recall just how old Uncle George was when he died, but he remained very alert and interested in everything until the very end. One day he quietly went to bed and stayed there. When Mrs. Bradbury inquired, he explained that the end was near, he was very comfortable, and she was not to worry—he was fine! Uncle George Howe died about three days later—just quietly slipped away.

I know that all of us who were fortunate enough to know George Robley Howe, especially those who knew him in their formative years, are much the better for it. His kind had never been seen before and may never be seen again.

special spot for children."

Morrison remembers Uncle George's most frequent visitor: "Usually, we would hear a knock at the door before long and Richard Box would be heard stamping the snow off his boots and in he would come. Later I would leave them deep in conversation." Mr. Box, still a Norway resident, remembers it all (see insert).

Probably most of Norway's young people were visitors at the little house in those years, learning the mysteries of nature and watching the chickadees gather on "Uncle George's" shoulders and hat. How they loved him! He taught them botany, zoology, mineralogy—he was an early environmentalist, opposed to things artificial in the natural world.

Howe took his young visitors on mineral hunts and nature treks. He was instrumental in the founding of the Twin Town Nature Club and the Maine Mineralogical Society. He supposedly knew of the existence of a secret spot in Hebron known as "The Garden of Eden," wherein grew rare orchids and insectivores. Once, he walked to Buckfield for one of his frequent lectures, because, "riding, you don't see much."

Speaking and leading field trips at the various boys' and girls' camps in the area each summer gave Howe enough income to stock up on food at Jackson's Store each fall. Roland DeCoteau remembers him living for the winter in one room of his book-and natural specimen-filled house, canned goods lining the stairway and—anachronistically—cigarette butts filling the fireplace. Neighbors cooked for him; people were very good to George Howe, because they were grateful for the knowledge he shared.

In one grand instance, his love for the children of Norway netted this area another of its great assets—the tremendous telescope now set up behind Oxford Hills High School.

Dr. Charles Hervey of the St. Lawrence University, New York, gave the hand-ground lens (considered to be the best north of Boston) to "the young people of Norway, because of their interest in natural science." It was originally set up in the field below George Howe's house on Pike's Hill. There it stayed, viewed by step-ladder, until George left his home in his

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Bowdoin Art Museum

by Pat Davidson Reef

A metropolitan museum in stature, the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College contains comprehensive and sophisticated collections.

Started in 1811 by James Bowdoin III with a posthumous gift of 102 European drawings, the magnificent collection was continued by Mrs. James Bowdoin III. She gave the family portraits to the institution in 1826. The Bowdoin family portraits are considered a priceless collection of Federal period art.

Originally housed in the college chapel, the collections at Bowdoin rank among the oldest art pieces given to a private institution in the United States. In 1894 Charles Follen McKim designed the museum on campus, known as the Walker Art Gallery. The museum was donated by Mary Sophia Walker and Harriet Sarah Walker in memory of their uncle, Theosophecles Walker, a Boston merchant.

Last year the Bowdoin Museum was selected to be included in a catalogue called, "New American Museums", published by the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, in conjunc-

tion with a major exhibit on museum architecture. The structure of the museum was mentioned as one of the first examples of a return to classicism during the turn of the century in American museum architecture.

The museum is a solid brick structure done in a classical motif, including a central rotunda with two galleries, one on each side, and a smaller middle gallery off center.

Walking into the museum, the visitor is struck by an unusual floor pattern in the central rotunda which establishes immediately an atmosphere of dignity and warmth. A salmon pink brick floor is laid in a herringbone pattern, around a circular design of solid gray granite.

Four murals at the base of the domed ceiling represent different classical subjects of interest: Athens, Rome, Venice, and Florence. Assyrian slabs donated by a missionary and scholar of Ancient Civilization stand against the walls of the rotunda under the domed ceiling and give the museum a feeling of antiquity.

On the right, in the Bowdoin gallery, are famous portraits of the Federal Period in American History. Such artists as

Gilbert Stuart, Robert Feke, John Singleton Copely, Joseph Badger, Thomas Flecker, and Joseph Blackburn are on display. The portrait of *James Bowdoin III* by Gilbert Stuart is perhaps one of the highlights of the portrait gallery. The skin tones in his face make it one of the most outstanding works done by the artist.

In the same gallery, objects of art dealing with antique silver of the period can be seen in covered display units. One outstanding example is a silver ladle created by Paul Revere, owned by the Bowdoin family since 1774, and given to Bowdoin in the 1900's. Under the portraits, against the walls, can be seen fine examples of furniture from the Federal period. A mahogany game table, done in the style of Chippendale, circa 1765-1780, is an unusual example of elegance.

In the opposite gallery, a European painting collection is found. It includes various gifts that range from works done during the Italian Renaissance to the mid 1900's. A special collection of medals donated by Amanda Molinari is located in this gallery. There are only three collections of medals of this quality in the United States so the Molinari collection makes Bowdoin an important center for the study of medals in the United States. These rare medals range from the 17th Century to 1940 and are on display in the European painting

gallery of the Bowdoin Museum. Also found in the European gallery is a small but unusual French Limoges plaque depicting the *Annunciation*. The unusual purple-blue color in the plaque gives it a special place in art history, and makes it a gem in the Bowdoin collection, for the dyes to make the color of blue indigo were lost after the Renaissance.

In the third gallery off the central rotunda a varied collection of art from the turn of the century can be seen.

John Sloan's lovely work in oil called *Afternoon in Union Square* is one of the most outstanding works in this part of the collection. Done in 1912, it vibrates with soft light and animated motion. A subtle work, it has a Victorian grace that is uplifting.

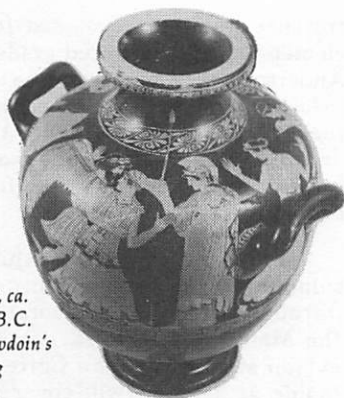
In the lower galleries a collection of ancient urns and artifacts from the Greek and Roman period can be seen in the central foyer. A glazed terra cotta urn made circa 460-450 B.C. is but one example of the large ancient civilization collection which can be seen at Bowdoin.

In an inner chamber of the lower gallery there is a special collection of Winslow Homer works. Professor Philip Beam, the noted authority on Winslow Homer, has guided the collection over two decades. Professor Beam's office is filled with filing cabinets from floor to ceiling with information on Homer and he is the author of two books on the



'Sunday Afternoon in Union Square,'
1912. Oil by
John Sloan

Greek
red-figure
terracotta
water jar.
Attic-ware, ca.
460-450 B.C.
One of Bowdoin's
outstanding
antiquities.



artist: a definitive biography, **Winslow Homer at Prouts Neck**, published in 1966, and a scholarly volume called **Winslow Homer; Magazine Engravings**, published in 1979, which is a complete reference book on Winslow Homer woodcuts during the Civil War period. The Winslow Homer collection at Bowdoin is a virtual Homer archives. It not only includes a complete collection of Winslow Homer woodcuts done during the Civil War, various watercolors and early studies, it also includes Homer memorabilia. Such interesting things as Homer's paint brushes and palette, as well as the Homer family Bible with signatures can be seen.

In the lower part of the museum there is a new section, built in 1975-76 as designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes. It is found underground and comprises two large sweeping galleries which connect the Art museum to the Art Studies building on campus. This space is used for exciting visiting exhibits.

Bowdoin has had some remarkable visiting exhibits. In 1977 Bowdoin gave a show to Nancy Hemingway, exhibiting her contemporary tapestries. Bowdoin was the first museum in the state to feature a contemporary tapestry show. In 1979 Bowdoin hosted the All Maine Biennial, the first exhibit of its kind, including a selection of major artists creating in Maine. In 1981 Bowdoin exhibited the Haystack School of Crafts from Deer Island Maine, a nationally-known crafts school. The exhibit traveled across New England to other museums and gave respect and dignity to the crafts field.

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de-sign (di-zin) to make a drawing, pattern or sketch; to draw the plans for; to create, fashion, execute, or construct according to plan.

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CATALOGS ON REQUEST

During the current year Bowdoin developed a special exhibit from their own oriental art collection, very little of which has been shown to the public before. It was called *the Magic Carpet* and explored the museum-owned oriental art collection for young people. Interesting Japanese woodcuts were shown as well as a cloisonne punch bowl, jade collection, and special ivory pieces. *The Magic Carpet* exhibit was designed by Patricia Anderson, a part time educational curator funded by the Maine State Arts and Humanities Commission. An exhibit designed especially for children, the works were hung on a lower level and low display units built so that children could easily see the exhibit. A

treasure hunt was designed for both elementary and advanced grades. Mrs. Anderson gave a lecture to area teachers held at the museum in preparation for their visit to the exhibit with the children. This program is a good example of how Bowdoin reaches out into the community.

Another exciting new exhibit this summer will open at Bowdoin on July 29 (through Sept. 4) in collaboration with the **Maine Art Festival**. It will be an exhibit selected by John Coffey on ten Maine artists and will cover a broad range of media including furniture, ceramics, handmade paper, sculpture and oils.

The arts are flourishing at Bowdoin and the Bowdoin Art Museum is a stimulating influence in art circles across the state.

Katharine Watson, the director of the Bowdoin facility has a strong view of what an art museum should be. In an interview at the museum, she said, "A museum should be a peaceful haven, a center for intellectual challenge and research. It should be a retreat into certain values and should revitalize scholars, art lovers, and the public. It should serve the campus, the community, and the whole state."

Watson, who received her Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania and was Curator of art at the Allen Memorial Art Museum at Oberlin College before coming to Bowdoin in 1977, says her major goals for the Bowdoin Art Museum are: "1. To expose the Bowdoin collection to a wider audience; 2. To provide care and conservation of the collection; 3. To experiment with educational programming; 4. To broaden the base of the museum membership and support."

The Bowdoin Art Museum is open, free to the public, Tues. through Fri. 10-4:30, Sat. 10-5:00, Sun. 2-5:00, and closed Mondays. I recommend keeping your eye on the Bowdoin museum activities and exhibits. A stimulating force in the arts in the state, the public is encouraged to attend and is indeed very welcome.

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UPON VIEWING FROM EASTERN PROMENADE

Heart's slowing captures ocean's mystic
rhythm meshed as though comrades of
true share flow the humble heave
of flesh & humor found in one's sudden
punied sense of terrestrial proportion

long stare's illusion of wind rolling
water's darkest inner ripples dotted &
veering like an exodus of antelope across
savanna scanned afar the lazy laughish
cry & strut of gulls braggart-breasted
eyeing tide's tender avocado edge of mud
nostrils bold briny breathe the glide
& lean of triangled cloth wedging white
through color's blue eternal blending
green upon a canvas constant bleeding
genius stroke of brush yes one
here may easy stray & steer one's gaze
from the steady climb of steel &
here this city unique appears

as island.

Illustrations by
Dalmar McPherson, Gorham



Lines On The Face of Portland

by Rick Crockett

*Part of a collection commissioned by F. Parker Reidy
and on view at his restaurant*

BIRTH OF A MUSEUM

Like the pulse
of hooves the
wind thick &
running on high
& free with the
throb & stampede
of winter's last
gasps & spasms
of polyplastic
wrapped rumbling
around embryo's
brick as though
a membrane being
kicked by the child
within growing daily
impatient for the
emergence & image
of art forthcoming.



CITY OF PIGEONS DISTINGUISHED

Omnipresent the homely doves
combing the crewcut slopes
of deering oaks preening upon
the moneygreen lap of longfellow
scrambling for last scraps of
popcorn strewn beneath the trample
of shoes ambling immaculate sidewalks
pieced as though easy puzzles of brick
complete the iridescent dance & puff
of chest sunlit serenading lunchtime in
tommy's park the arthritic nervous neck
& beak spearing debris & seeds between
the cobblestones of moulton street rolling
like a massive sheet of yeastless loaves
so roam the awkward birds
heretofore unpraised...
portland's gypsy citizens:
constant nodding approval
as they search for the
perfect crust of bread.

The perfect way to cap your New England vacation is with a visit to Western Maine, and a romantic sojourn over the waters of Sebago and Long Lakes aboard the Songo River Queen, a modern replica of a Mississippi River stern wheeler, large enough to accommodate 150 people.

Between Memorial Day and Labor Day, the Queen makes two trips daily: at 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. from Long Lake in Naples across Brandy Pond to the Songo River, and southward to Sebago Lake (Maine's second largest). There is a shorter Long Lake cruise that traverses about half the thirteen-mile length of Long Lake. It leaves three times daily at 1:00 p.m., 2:30 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. The seven o'clock moonlight cruise with Mount Washington looming high at the head of the lake is nearly always a sell-out. The Queen is also available for charters and dancing and has hosted more than one wedding reception in its eleven-year history.

The long ride to Sebago Lake follows the meandering trail of the inspirational Songo River, the river about which Longfellow wrote:

*No where such a devious stream
Save in fancy or in dream
Winding slow through bush and bake
Links together lake by lake*

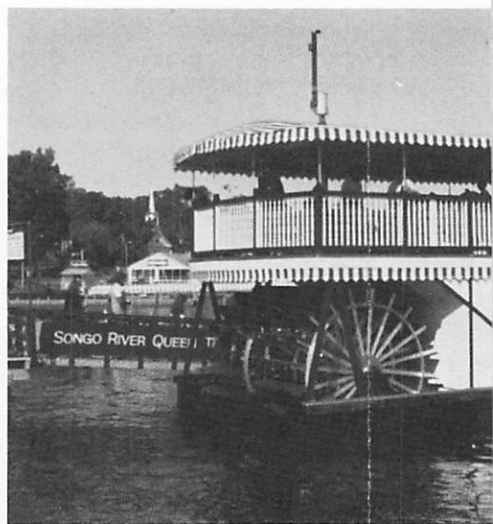
*Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself,
Flows the stream so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.*

*Never errant of knight of old,
Lost on woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through sylvan solitude.*

*In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang united between
Fleeting cloud of sky serene*

*From Maine's farthest northern brook
Along the valley twinkles —
In shadow, full of tender glooms,
In sun of diamond-twinkles . . .*

*Of all the streams that sleep in shade,
Or in the sunlight quiver,
There none so willful, wild and sweet
As lovely Songo River.*

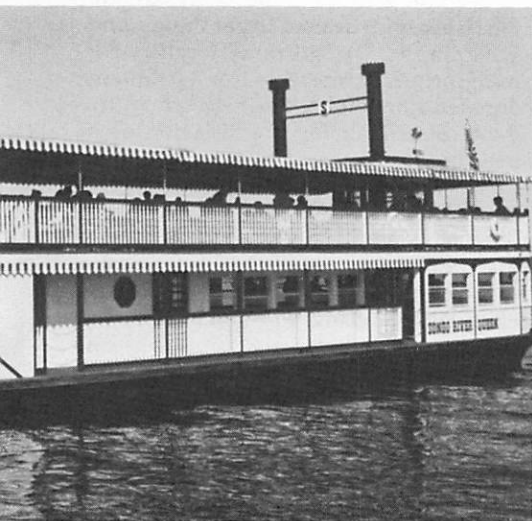


The Long Lake/Sebago Lake chain remains among the cleanest and prettiest in North America, and the twisting charm of the Songo River is virtually unchanged from the days when Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Ralph Waldo Emerson enjoyed the steamboat rides on the waterway that once reached the Atlantic Ocean.

In the 1830's, when the Cumberland and Oxford Canal was built, the Atlantic Ocean was connected with inland Maine through a series of 27 locks. The only lock still operational is the Songo Lock, which remains unchanged...still operated by hand as it was in the 19th century.

The longer journey on board the Songo River Queen takes the traveller through the historic locks, which provide a lift of about 5 feet between the two lakes, and passes through two "swing bridges," which pivot sideways on an axis to allow passage of boats with superstructures too high to pass underneath. These bridges are also among the last remaining (in Maine or elsewhere) of this type, which was once widely used throughout the United States.

A throwback to the days of the canal system is the land-locked salmon that populate the waters of Long Lake and Sebago Lake. A game fish, much sought after by serious anglers, the salmon share the lakes with bass, lake trout, and chain pickerel; and one of the favorite fishing



The Queen of Naples

Maine's own
paddlewheeler,
The Songo River Queen

by Jim Keil

spots of young and old alike is the sides of Songo Lock.

Much of the Songo Lock trip winds through Sebago State Park, where the surrounding land has been maintained in its original state. It is heavily populated with deer and other wildlife, which can sometimes be seen from the Songo River Queen.

A trip on the new Songo River Queen is like a floating picnic...a picnic in some of the prettiest territory you will ever see. While you relax on either of two decks, enjoying the boats and the rolling countryside, you will be greeted twice when the River Queen reaches the locks...once by the lock tender, who will control the level of the water within by maneuvering the wooden gate with hand operation of a long wooden pole; and secondly by Bud, the lock tender's gregarious black labrador, who takes his job as official greeter very seriously. Ceremoniously pacing the sides of the lock as it fills or empties, he graciously accepts an occasional handout as payment for his services.

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The more adventuresome visitor to Naples can also enjoy the scenic beauty of the area in a unique way. From the Songo River Queen dock, you can try *parasailing*, a new, safe and easy sport for everyone.

Securely harnessed under a variation of the parachute that will reach heights of up to 200 feet over Long Lake, the parasail adventurer has a view of Long Lake and Sebago Lake in one direction (almost 40 miles of water), and the Presidential chain of the White Mountains in the other. On a clear day, he will see the harbor at Portland as well.

Take-offs and landings are achieved with a tow rope behind a speedboat, and while it is best to expect to get wet and wear a bathing suit, both happen from a floating platform anchored in Long Lake.

You will drift into the air from a standing position, feeling hardly a tug, and float gently back to earth with no more of a splash than you would experience in diving off a low board. The experience has been described by those who have tried it as "exhilarating," "thrilling," but never dull.

The cost for the Songo River Ride, which takes approximately 2½ hours, is \$5.00 for adults and \$3.00 for children. The Long Lake cruise, which lasts one leisurely hour, costs \$3.00 for adults and \$2.00 for children. The parasail is \$15.00 per lift.

old age. Sometime prior to Howe's death in February of 1950, the telescope was dismantled by Dr. McCormick—one of "Uncle George's boys"—and was stored in his own barn for sometime before it disappeared.

Years later, when the McIntire Men's Club of the Universalist Church had taken it on for a project, Bob Dow, Cliff Dubey, and Lee Millett supposedly found the mount in a barn on Pleasant Street; and Roland DeCoteau discovered the mirror in the *woodbox* of the church during the late 1960's!

Then began a tale of tremendous community involvement and dedication on the part of friends to see the telescope again mounted and used by "the young people." Dick Denison and the Kiwanis

Club agreed to sponsor the project. Then-Superintendent of Schools G. Stanley Patey became the man to get things done, according to DeCoteau. A wealthy Farmington man, interested in astronomy, donated a new tube. The high school student council (under the direction of its president, now attorney Jeff Kilgore) raised \$400 with a raffle; and other students Steve Kessell (today a scientist in Australia) and Robert Verrill became instrumental in seeing that the telescope was put together. A Lexington, Massachusetts, company which manufactures sophisticated observatory buildings and telescope optics provided a building inexpensively—and Mr. Patey found 40% of the funding at the State Department of Education. The biggest obstacle was overcome when Robinson Manufacturing Company donated \$1000 badly needed for an equatorial mount.

Together, all these people (urged on by Roland DeCoteau, though he will not take credit for it), saw to it that Norway-South Paris has the magnificent George Robley Howe Observatory—a fitting tribute to a beloved scientist.

His library, his notes for a book, his taxidermy specimens and minerals are all scattered to the winds. Strangers live in his little house. And, though there are now scientists and environmentalists working in the woods of Maine, there is no one quite like George Robley Howe, Norway's Naturalist.

"Our visits to him, the stories he told us, and the knowledge he shared with us about the outdoors gave us a much finer appreciation of our environment," Robley Morrison's brother John writes. And Robley agrees: "He was one of those rare individuals who really loved and believed in everyone he ever met. He expressed his love in personal contact; doing something he liked to do to bring joy to those around him . . . Yes, I was touched by him."

The author wishes to thank Roland DeCoteau for his memory time and the loan of the V. Akers portrait; and the fond correspondence of Richard Box, Heman Woodman, and the Morrisons. John Morrison and Norway Memorial Library loaned pictures which made this research invaluable. Especially, my thanks to Eleanor Rich Marcotte, for telling me of her favorite character in the first place.

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Maine has long had a reputation for good, fresh seafood. When you buy fish marked "Ocean Fresh" from Maine, you can be sure that it's quality fish, fresh from the ocean and shipped directly to the consumer. The Maine State Department of Marine Resources has spent several years developing the "Catch the Taste" program—a quality control merchandising program identifiable by the "Ocean Fresh" logo.

A nutritional treasure, fresh fish is tasty, rich in valuable nutrients, high in protein and low in calories. Fish is an excellent source of iodine, flouride, phosphorus, potassium, iron, Vitamins D & B.

If you're buying fillets, allow $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. per adult serving. For whole fish, allow $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Look for the Maine label to assure that it's fresh, and use within two days. Should you decide to freeze it, wrap each fillet separately in aluminum foil or plastic wrap, freeze at the lowest possible temperature, and don't store it beyond three months.

A good cooking rule of thumb is to allow ten minutes of cooking time per inch of thickness. If fish is in foil or sauce, allow an extra 5 minutes per inch. Fish is done when it flakes easily with a fork (tough and dry if overdone).

Codfish in Sour Cream

- 2 lbs. fresh codfish, in one piece
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 slice lemon
- 2 cloves
- 2 Tablespoons olive oil
- 4 green onions, cut fine
- 1 tsp. minced parsley
- 1 large tomato
- 1 cup sour cream
- pinch of marjoram, sweet basil
- salt and pepper



Wrap the fish, together with bay leaf, lemon, and cloves in cheesecloth (to keep it from breaking) and cook in gently boiling water until done. Cook the onions in oil, add parsley, tomato, herbs, salt, pepper and sour cream. Pour sauce over the fish and heat it under the broiler for just a minute or two. Delicious when served with new potatoes. Serves 8-10.

Codfish is also excellent in chowder, with a cheese sauce, or with stuffing.



New England Haddock Chowder

- 1 lb. haddock fillets
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped bacon or salt pork
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup diced potatoes
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt
- dash pepper
- 2 cups milk

Cut fillets into 1-in. pieces. Fry bacon until lightly brown, add onions and cook 'til tender. Add water, potatoes, seasonings and fish. Cook about 15 minutes or until potatoes and fish are tender. Add milk, heat. Serves 6.

Chowder is always better when stored in the refrigerator and reheated the second day. Haddock fillets can also be broiled for 8-10 minutes, basted with a little butter and lemon juice.

Grilled Hake Fillets

- 2 lbs. fresh hake fillets
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup French dressing
- 1 Tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoon grated onion
- 2 teaspoons salt
- dash pepper



Cut fillets into serving size portions. Baste fish with a sauce made of the other ingredients. Place fish in well-greased hinged wire grills, cook over barbecue grill about 4 inches from moderately hot coals for 8 minutes. Baste with sauce, turn and cook 7-10 minutes longer or until fish flakes easily. Serves 6.

Hake is wonderful finely cut and combined with bread crumbs to make fish cakes, or baked with a hot tomato sauce. Corned hake is also tasty.

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Cusk Colbert Au Gratin

2 lbs. cusk fillets
1/4 lb. butter, melted
1/4 lb. mushrooms, minced
1 shallot, or 2 scallions, minced
1/2 cup dry sauterne wine
1 cup dry bread crumbs
3 sprigs chopped parsley
1/2 onion, minced
dash paprika, salt and pepper

Wipe cusk fillets with damp cloth, cut into 6 serving pieces. Pour 1 Tblsp. melted butter into fireproof casserole; sprinkle lightly with bread crumbs. Arrange half of the mushrooms, scallions, parsley, and minced onion over the bread crumbs; place fillet pieces over these ingredients. Pour wine over top to moisten, and cover fillet with the rest of the chopped ingredients. Spread bread crumbs over top, pour in melted butter to moisten. Cook on top of stove over medium flame until sauce begins to boil (20 min.) Place in preheated broiler 2 inches below flame, brown 3 min. Serve immediately, garnished with sprigs of parsley or shallots.

Other recipes for Maine's fresh fish and shellfish, along with tips for crabmeat stuffing, Sauce Veloute, Sauce Mornay, and *much* more are available for the asking at the **Maine Department of Marine Resources**, State House, Station 21, Augusta, ME 04333.

SONNET

Your wit, or the thought or expectation
Of it, is as if a fisherman
Saw a ripple in dark water, vegetation
Shading the rise, then subtly angled in and
Laid out line, curling it precisely
Over his shoulder, dropping a grey fly
Exactly between two branches, nicely
Missing every snag, his skill seen by
The barest twitch of line—and of cigar.
Rise and hook meet by nature and by art,
Symmetrical, concise. The fish dives far
Down, caught in the befuddling murk, no heart
To tussle. The angler nets him, pats a fin,
Unhooks him, smiles, and slides him right back in.

Lucia Owen
Bethel

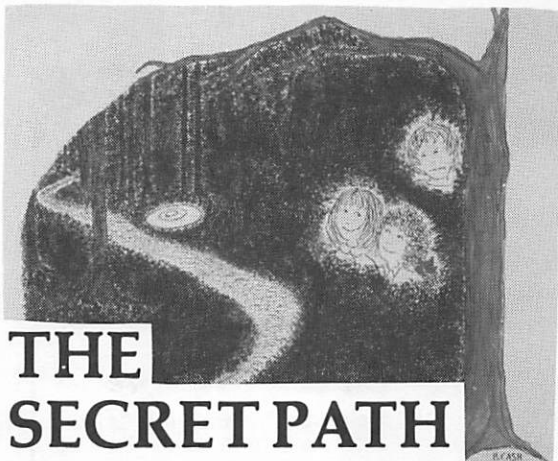
"NO GIRLS ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT!" Sue and Becky read the sign aloud.

"And that means you!" hollered Tim jumping out from behind a tangle of bushes.

"Oh!" squealed Becky, "you frightened me."

"That's just why no girls are allowed to follow my path," Tim said, "they scare too easily."

"Well, you'd be scared too, if someone jumped out and yelled at you," said Sue.



THE SECRET PATH

Rainy Day Summer Reading For Children of All Ages
by T. Jewell Collins

"We just want to see where your path goes."

Sue and Becky and their parents were camping in a field near the small cabin where Tim and his folks spent the summer. The two families were friends, and this was the girls' first experience camping outdoors.

Tim knew every inch of the land around the clearing, the woods, the brook, and the steep mountain behind his cabin.

"I'll take you through my secret path just once," said Tim, "but after that you'll have to obey the sign."

The girls followed Tim through the pine trees.

Suddenly Sue exclaimed, "Oh, look, a tiny woodland room!"

"And a chipmunk!" cried Becky. "See him scurry into his hole."

The girls stepped after Tim into a small clearing with a flat rock in the center and a floor of pine needles.

"It's just like a little dining room," said Becky in delight. "Will you let us bring a picnic here?" she asked Tim.

"Maybe," said Tim abruptly.

The girls looked longingly around the

appealing little clearing before following Tim again. The path ended at a dirt road.

"If we walk down your path in the dark without squealing once, will you let us have a picnic in your outdoor dining room?" asked Sue timidly, as she and Becky hurried down the road with Tim.

"Maybe," said Tim.

Later that afternoon the girls were throwing their frisbie back and forth.

"I wouldn't dare walk down that path at night," said Becky, jumping for the frisbie.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Sue.

"Animals. The woods must be full of them."

"They only come out when it's dark to get their food. Animals have very good hearing so they would run first if they heard us walking down the path."

"The way the chipmunk ran when we stepped into the outdoor dining room?" asked Becky.

"That's right," said Sue, catching the frisbie. "The darkness is their protection. They don't glow in the dark like this frisbie does."

"And the darkness can be our protection, too!" exclaimed Becky in delight. "It's just

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like the reason for being afraid has been turned around, except that we aren't afraid in the daylight either. Whoopie!" and she gave the frisbie an extra hard toss. Sue jumped high, but the yellow frisbie curved and flew into the woods near Tim's path.

"Oh, dear," Sue cried. "The frisbie has gone into the woods and Tim won't let us go down his path until it's dark."

"That's it!" said Becky. "The frisbie will be easier to find after dark because it glows. Now aren't you glad we brought this one instead of the blue one that doesn't glow!"

"Let's not tell Tim," said Sue. "Then maybe he'll be the scaredy-cat."

Tim joined the girls as the shadows lengthened in the clearing.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," said Becky.

"You go first," commanded Tim. It was very dark. The girls stepped gingerly along the path. Sue spotted the frisbie glowing by the path.

"Look where it landed!" she whispered. "It looks like a miniature space ship."

"Creepin' Crimminies! What's that?" asked Tim, spying the frisbie. "An overgrown mushroom?" When he stepped off the path to examine it more closely, the girls hid around the next bend.

"I smell a skunk," said Tim, returning to the path with the frisbie.

Becky giggled. "He suspects us of putting the frisbie there," said Sue. "He doesn't seem very frightened."

"Where are you girls anyway?" called Tim. "I'll bet they got scared and ran out," they could hear him say to himself. He started down the path toward the clearing.

"It sure is dark in here!" said Becky. "But I like it!"

"Sssshhh, I hear someone coming," said Sue. "Tim's calling. He's looking for us."

"Welcome to the Secret Path," they called when they could see Tim's flashlight.

Tim shone his flashlight on the girls. "I guess you're not scaredy-cats after all. You can have lunch in my outdoor room tomorrow."

When they reached the end of the path, Tim took down the sign.

"Look what he's hanging in its place," said Becky. "The glowing frisbie!"

Folk Tale

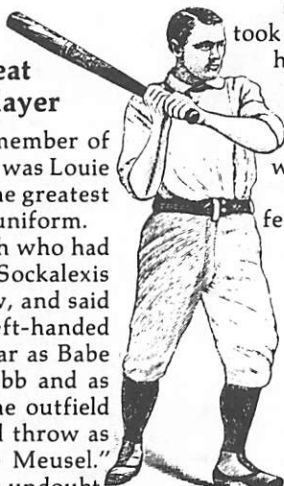
Sockalexis The Great Maine's Indian Ballplayer

He was a Maine Indian, a member of the Penobscot Tribe. His name was Louie Sockalexis and he was one of the greatest baseball players ever to don a uniform.

A Columbia University coach who had played in the big leagues called Sockalexis the best ballplayer he ever saw, and said of him: "He had a gorgeous left-handed swing, hit the ball almost as far as Babe Ruth, was faster than Ty Cobb and as good a baserunner. He had the outfield skill of Tris Speaker and could throw as far and as accurately as Bob Meusel." Which is saying a lot but it was undoubtedly the truth. And John McGraw and Hughey Jennings, famous coaches, agreed

Just under six feet tall, a hundred and ninety pounds and built like a racehorse, Sockalexis impressed all who saw him in a ball game. He played with college men in the Knox County League and inspired the manager of one of the teams to create the immortal fictional character Frank Merriwell. That manager-writer was Gilbert Patten who became rich and famous writing about the wonderful exploits of "Merriwell" under the name Burt L. Standish.

A big-league catcher named Powers induced Sockalexis to accompany him to Holy Cross and there Louie enrolled as a student. In 1895 and '96 he was phenomenal on the diamond. The Holy Cross coach, Jesse Burkett, convinced that his



star had big-league potential, took the Indian to Cleveland with him where Louie tried out for the club. Needless to say, Sockalexis made the team and within a few months was the most discussed player in the league because of his feats at bat and in the outfield, and also because of his color and his perfect Indian profile. He was the first non-white person ever to play big-league baseball. Sockalexis' first appearance in New York at the Polo Grounds to play with Cleveland against the New York Giants was a news event of the first order. And if

you're wondering why Cleveland, which we fans all know is an American League team, was playing the Giants in a regular league game, the answer is simple. There was just one league back then, the National League. The American League was yet to be born.

New York City was all agog over its chance to see the much-heralded Indian player. The fans and the sports writers were eager to watch Sockalexis in action and many were inclined to take the tales of his feats with a big grain of salt. Some thought the Giants' superb pitching would set Louie down without a hit. A New York paper published a long story predicting how the star Giant pitcher, Amos Rusie, would strike out the Redskin.



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When Sockalexis came to bat the first time and faced Rusie the fans in the packed stands let loose with hundreds of synthetic war whoops calculated to rattle the batter. Louie paid them no heed, just eyed the great Rusie and waited, loose and relaxed, bat resting lightly on his left shoulder. Rusie's first pitch was his famous fast-breaking curve, faster than the speed ball of most pitchers. Sockalexis swung, smoothly and accurately. The "crack" of bat meeting ball was heard above the war whoops. Like a bullet the ball headed for the outfield over second base, on and on it went high and far over the head of the centerfielder. Louie circled the bases for a home run with time to spare. The whoops ceased, the stands became nearly silent. Now all present knew that Sockalexis was for real.

I wish I could say that Sockalexis played in the big league for years and retired rich, but I cannot. He lasted just three years in the National League. Some teammates made the unforgivable mistake of taking him into a saloon and inducing him to take a drink. Up to then Louie had had nothing stronger than water and milk. That one drink of liquor sealed his fate: he liked the whiskey, and from then on he couldn't let it alone. He became a hopeless drunkard, a pitiful figure. Not incorrigible. He was as inoffensive as a child. But the same trait that had defeated others beat him.

Sockalexis sank into the minor leagues where manager after manager tried to help him regain his glory but it was useless. He finally drifted out of the game and returned to Maine to the reservation. There, suffering from rheumatism, he dropped dead several years later. The white man's game had made him famous but the white man's liquor did him in.

I'm proud of Louie Sockalexis and I feel all we Mainers should be proud of him. Next to Jim Thorpe he was the greatest Indian athlete this country ever produced. And what did Cleveland think of him? They loved him. They even named their baseball team after him, the Cleveland "Indians".



*Harry Walker
Norway*

Wrecks & Memories on the Grand Trunk *by John R. Davis*

THE CONCLUSION: Part IX

The crossover signal is green and, repeating the announcement, Harold whistles off. Brakes released, the diesels growl to life as the journey resumes, wheelsets clattering in guideways passing through the diamond. *There, one afternoon in March, 1901, a westbound freight's engine was returning to its train after coming up to take water, and somehow got too near a Maine Central freight as it went across, the result somewhat damaging to the Grand Trunk engine. It was the second such incident in a matter of months—in September of the previous year the Grand Trunk's eastbound passenger and the Maine Central's afternoon passenger train for Brunswick reached the Yarmouth Junction crossover at the same time, ditching both engines. Fortunately, no one was injured.*

Accidents of similar nature usually come in bunches of three, so goes the saying; but it was a number of years before the third contest for the diamond was played, on the Mechanic Falls crossover which Chisholm had installed in extending his Portland and Rumford Falls enterprise shortly before the Maine Central relieved him of its possession. This time as a Maine Central freight train moved through the diamond, the Grand Trunk's engine was backing up slowly; but then, running forward with a string of freightcars it proceeded to cut right through Maine Central's train, scattering cars of the latter left and right. Again, no one was injured, nor were there any further such contests. For both lines, one victory, one loss, and one draw, were enough.

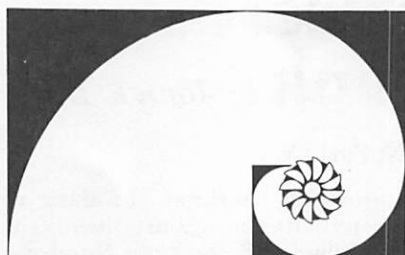
The train speeds on through the night, whistling for rural highway crossings, past waving people silhouetted in windows of distant and nearby houses. And two toots for that good-looking lady we saw on the way up, despite her darkened windows. New Gloucester, sometimes called Intervale in the early years; Pownal, nee Webber's for the railroad; North Yarmouth, since 1917 regarded on the railway as Dunn's; all quickly vanish in the darkness. The engineers repeat the target light on the crossover at Yarmouth Junction as being green and, momentum slowing, the diamond guides

resound the rhythmic shrieking of wheels chattering against them. The deck girders of Roya, River Number 6 rumble beneath the train. A handful of pedestrians at the street crossing stop to wave and small groups of onlookers dot the roadway leading to the former depot. Passing it, Harold raises Portland yard on the radio and the operator acknowledges that we are at Yarmouth.

Coming out of the sweeping curve onto the straightaway leaving the village, the headlight beam presents a near-illusion ahead in the distant row of tall trees growing along the northside of the track. Seemingly they overhang the track so low the bottom branches have been cut to the shape of boxcar roofs, but as each tree is approached more closely, it is always at the property boundary line, well away from the track. Though their lower branches are unable to brush against the trains, the roof-like contour in them is real, shaped by the windstream of passing trains since the day the tree took root.

Between Cumberland and Falmouth, autos on the adjacent highway slow down at first sighting the lighted coach windows, then speed on to get ahead and reach a place they can pull off to the shoulder for stopping to watch. Surely they are somewhat envious of each voyager reposing behind the lighted windows as the train races past. The sky lightens beyond the distant horizon ahead, and a little east of Falmouth one motorist has pulled over, though judging by the flashing blue light atop another vehicle behind it, it was not for watching the train.

Approaching Bridge Number 5 Harold informs Portland yard that we are ten minutes out. For the passengers back in the coaches, crossing the Presumpscot and the brilliantly lit ingress and exit points of the paralleling auto route below signals that it is time to begin arranging their personal belongings: coats, jackets;



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camera bags; souvenirs acquired from the baggage car sales counter, Stark and Island Pond; for making their debarkation from the train less cumbersome. Some, no doubt, put away a deck of cards brought for playing solitaire or a friendly game with seat partners for whiling away the portion of time darkness curtailed their viewing of the scenery, unaware that the Professor was probably watching over their shoulder to see if anyone held those four Kings.

The train slows coming through East Deering, and once past the scattered loading dock and parking lot lights within the old yard area, I give a long, wistful look across to the far side for yet another instinctive memory of the former engine terminal and its twenty-stall roundhouse, motive power office, shops, coal-loading dock, the bunkhouse, and a lineup of engines ready for work. Those were the days, but now upon reaching this spot in darkness, enginemen cast a wary studying eye over everything within the range of the headlight beam approaching the Veranda Street overpass. Occasionally, irresponsible parties prove their disregard for others by throwing rocks and bottles at specific objects, stationary or moving.

Behind the Burnham & Morrill plant, the train stops briefly and then, verifying the light ahead is green, proceeds onto the Back Cove trestle. This time when the engines clear the swingbridge, we do not increase speed, but continue slowly along the base of Eastern Promenade, and nearing the clumps of alderbushes that have overgrown the far end of the old west yard, shut the cab windows and move away from them as far as control operation will allow. It is the defensive position through an area where other irresponsible members of society conduct rock attacks upon an incoming train. Surely, they would not throw objects at a brilliantly lit passenger train, but they have been known to. The transit by the East End bathing beach this night, perhaps because several dozen persons discernable along the upper embankment and the ledgetop entering the curve are identifiable as fathers with young children, is made without incident.



The train halts briefly again in the darkened outermost part of the yard while it is divided in half, and as the switcher prepares for taking the rear section into Track 4, we resume movement along Track 6 with the forward half. Now the tower floodlights cast eerie shadows among the cars on the adjacent tracks, and out of them emerge traces of similarity between arrival of this train and that of the first through-passenger train coming in from Montreal on July 18th, 1853.

It is evening, and we have travelled, in a long day on our roundtrip, the same distance. A host of people on Platform 4 (though certainly not the immense throng of twelve thousand with the Mayor and Mr. Poor standing by to deliver welcoming speeches, nor the Portland Band discoursing eloquent music) await our arrival. Nor are we entreated to the thunder of cannonfire, but the bells which pealed throughout the city on that occasion, resound on lesser scale. Tonight the walls of the yard office building echo the enginebells tolling while we slowly pull alongside and out to the edge of Commercial Street where Harold brings the engines to a stop.

Controls and running lights are secured, the engines placed in idle, cab windows and doors locked, and for those on this forward half of the train, the journey is over, ending scarcely moments

before it does for those on the second half which the switcher is pulling into Track 4. Gear in hand, we dismount the engine steps into a sea of debarking passengers streaming out for the State Pier parking lot, and make our way through them towards the yard office. Their faces are jubilant; on more than a few a detectable trace of mist is in their eyes that the day has ended; some comment to one another on a particular enjoyment that highlighted their trip; while none express disappointment over the lack of sunshine for brightening the foliage's colors. One, a fashionably-attired, attractive young silver-haired lady of perhaps sixty, stops us momentarily to register her impression.

"Thank you, gentlemen," she said, "for such a smooth ride and an absolutely marvelous day travelling on your railroad. I made new friends, saw the most beautiful landscapes, and overheard bits of conversations on how it used to be. Next year I'm going to bring my grandchildren for this journey through God's Country."

Her words made our day, for her impression is exactly what the Foliage Trains really were intended to be—more than just an excursion to view the leaves.

The last foliage train was run by the 470 Club on Sept. 27, 1980. This account was written by Grand Trunk archivist, John Davis.



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In Portland Station

LOCOMOTIVE 6218

An hour before the chill October dawn
Our family was up and on the road
To be aboard on time for the last run
Of Locomotive Sixty-Two One Eight
Come down from Canada to pull twelve cars
From Portland, Maine to Island Pond, Vermont,
The halfway point on the old Grand Trunk Line
Whose northern terminus was Montreal.

Arriving at the Portland waterfront,
We parked and headed for the railroad yard
Down at the end of India Street; by now
The dark was turning into palest light
Which showed up other people on the streets
All going where we were going; along with them
We ambled through the gate into the yard
And paused, and looked around, and there she
was.

Going over close to have a look, we felt
Ourselves at once diminished and dismayed
By her sheer size, the sense of massive power
Embedded in her bulk, the feeling that
She was alive though with a majesty
And a mystique indifferent to us:
Why, even children of the rocket age
Were silenced by the sight and stood in awe!

From somewhere deep inside her issued forth
Low hissing like low breathing; all at once
A jet of steam would shoot out from her side
And billow like a cloud; then, strength amassed,
The first huge blast emitted from her stack
And all eight drivewheels, taller than most men,
Began to ease around and move her off
To have her train hitched on for the last time.

Aboard now in our seats in readiness,
We heard, way up ahead, her whistle speak,
Then, with a little shudder and a bump,
We moved, and moving, heard come floating
back

The mighty choo, pause, choo, pause, choo,
pause, choo
Of her enormous effort, even heard

The choo's go slurred as drivewheels slipped,
but then

Resume, and gradually pick up their pace.

And so did ours: the buildings of the town
Gave way to houses, streets, and crossings
where

Small groups of people, having heard about
The whole occasion, waved as we rolled by,
Going ever faster mile by mile until
The click of rails was like deft snare drum work
And the great puffs were blent into a stream
Of sound much like the distant ocean roar.

It seemed as though the silent splendor of
The full New England fall had found its voice
In the steam whistle's passionate long calls
Whose note expressed both glory and decay;
Within ourselves a sense of ending pierced
A little sharper, deeper as we crossed
Into Vermont in the late afternoon
And soon made our last stop at Island Pond.

Before being hauled by diesel back to Maine
We stood atop a little crosswalk bridge
And now looked down at Sixty-Two One Eight,
Watched her being uncoupled and start
northward

On her own to Montreal, listened to
Her fading choo-choo-choo's for the last time,
Saw her grow ever smaller and more blurred
As faint wisps of her smoke came wafting back.

So, standing there, caught up in love and loss,
We could not see that it was accident
That a machine built only to serve power
Inspired us to personify her so,
Nor that, when man's inventiveness would
prove

To have not even this much saving grace,
Our losses would be known as far more than
Her dwindling shape in the October dusk.

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Page 6 Goings On Etc.

July 19: Bicycle, paddle & run *Triathlon*, sponsored by Pleasant Mountain, WJBQ & Budweiser Light. Team & individual competitions, pre-registration requested. Prizes, cook-out, entertainment. Pleasant Mt. Bridgton. Aug. 6 *Pedal for Medals Bicycle Race* (22 mi.)

Off The Shelf - A Book Review

Devil's Paintbrush

by Martin Dibner

(Doubleday, N.Y., 1983; \$16.95)

One of the delights of editing is receiving preview copies of new books. The delight could easily be dismay when the book is by a friend.

Happily, such is certainly not the case with Martin Dibner's ninth novel, *Devil's Paintbrush*—by far one of the best of his action-filled books. (*Ransom Run* was his last offering.)

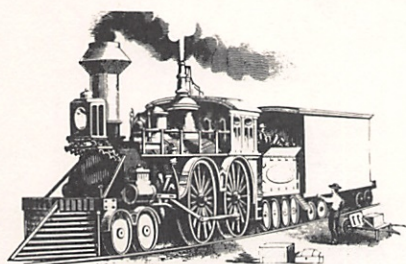
It is, as always, rather a man's book—full of exciting adventure, with Spanish revolutionaries, Nazis, Mausers and bombs. It is also, however, a book into which Dibner has poured all of the things he loves (colors, food, artwork, love, friends) and everyone will enjoy reading it.

The dialogue is Hemingwayian—fast-

clipped and no-nonsense. The hero is James Bondian—an erudite New Yorker named Adam Stark, who leaves his world of high-priced art galleries to search for a missing 15th-century Hieronymus Bosch painting. The painting was real, and Dibner (himself a painter) uses his extensive knowledge of artists and the art world to create a fascinating, suspenseful, and sensuous story. (You may want an art history book to refer to!) The protagonist, Stark, carries with him his own personal agonies (Viet Nam, a faltering marriage, gangsters) as he searches for the painting by a master of the Visions of Hell; and his own moral values as well. For me there was a slight superfluity of unexplained violence in the conduct of the gangsters, but a great deal of sense in the strong characterizations and shining descriptions.

Local readers will be glad to see the flavor of Maine in one intelligent, earthy, and calm character . . . and mentions of home, such as the Oxford Mill End Store and Barjo's custard pie. Martin Dibner has lived for many years in a charming Casco country home. His novel is worth buying for the readers in your family.

N.M.



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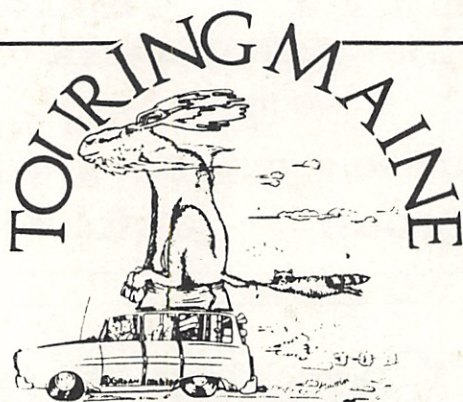


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